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CHANGES.

The world hath many changes—
The fair and verdant earth
Wears not the look it wore when first
Heaven smiled upon its birth.
Dark rolls the flood of ages,
And whelms beneath its tide
The monuments of man's renown,
His glory and his pride!
Where are those ancient cities—
The proudest of their day?
Their pomp, their splendor—all are gone—
Passed like a dream away!
Some hath the earthquake swallowed,
Some have an ocean tomb,
Some in the red volcano's wrath
Have met their fiery doom.
And some to dark oblivion
Have sunk by slow decay,
Their very luxury hath worn
Their strength and power away.
And is it but the tokens
Of art and skill alone,
Is it but in the works of man
The power of change is shown?
Alas! whatever changes
In this fair earth have been,
None are so sad and strange as those
Which in ourselves are seen.
Our fairest feelings wither,
Our brightest hopes depart,
And sweet and pleasant thoughts lie dead,
And a bright falls on the heart.
And all that once could charm us
Seems dull, and drear, and strange,
Till scarce we recognize ourselves,
So deep and dark the change.
But with a sudden spirit,
We look on those around,
And feel more bitterly the change
That oft in them is found.
The eye we loved is altered
And answers ours no more,
But cold and careless is the glance
That beamed with love before.
The lip whose smile of welcome
So long was all our own,
Whose accents ever breathed to us
Affection's cordial tone,
Now smiles on us no longer,
And breathes no gentle word,
But cold politeness moulds each phrase
Which from those lips is heard.
Ah! sad it is to wander
A path bereft of flowers,
And with the phantom of those friends
That are no longer ours.
Yet is not this a lesson
To wean from earthly things
The heart of man, which still too much
To earthly objects clings?
To bid our hopes look onward
To that immortal home
Where lurks no dark deceit, and where
No change can ever come!

THREZA

THE CENSOR.

THE LITTLE GENIUS.

No. 111.

The human character is so nicely balanced between good and evil, that it is impossible to ascertain its original tendency. If there sometimes occur instances of feeling and magnanimity which impress us with a conviction of its inherent noble and generous nature, there happen, on the other hand, examples of vice and baseness—so vile, brutal, and loathsome, that we are again bewildered amidst the admiration and abhorrence which its contradictory qualities excite. The early and unsettled stages of society develop strong vices and virtues. Instead of being a restraint upon crimes, the law is but an instrument in the hands of the powerful with which the innocent and the needy are beaten down to the dust. Are we then to consider that it is only the law which keeps the good citizens from stabbing their wealthy neighbors for their property, and putting judge and jury to rout with armed retainers? No, replies the philanthropist. It is not the law, but the dawn of civilization which softens, while it elevates the character. Education teaches the policy of peace and justice. The arts delight and subdue the passions. It is not that man is more restrained, but that he is intrinsically better. "Aas!" said the Genius, "for thy dreams of philanthropy. Knowest thou not that as the great crimes of the unsettled ages are broken up, they divide into innumerable others,

inspired by avarice, selfishness, and envy—that men accomplish by fraud what they once wrought by violence—that bold oppression, prompted by lofty courage, is at present superseded by dark envy or base submission. But come, I wish to reveal to you a characteristic feature in the disposition of your fellow mortals, and leave you to determine whether it may be ascribed to the cowardly effeminacy of modern times, or whether it is inherent in human nature?"

I saw in the glass a person well-known in this community, and I again knew that I was to witness no fictitious romance, but another representation of reality. The gentleman alluded to was a gray-headed old man, who had gone through the windings and turnings of his long life without a blot upon his character. In youth he had been industrious and modest—in poverty cheerful and honest—abroad, kind and upright—at home, affectionate and gentle—his old age was like a pleasant summer evening, whose quiet and shaded calmness vies with the bright and fresh charms which usher in the day. He was religious, not bigoted, for he served God truly, and loved his creatures—and when his prayer ascended it sprang from a meek and fervent heart, encumbered with no pompous sectarian feeling, darkened by no shocking prejudice, rash dogmatism, or wicked hypocrisy, but full of mercy, and cherishing in its own core the benevolence which it worshiped in its God.

"Tell me," said the Genius, "how should such a character be regarded?"

"With admiration and with love," I answered; "his noble enterprises should be facilitated—his misfortunes pitied—his errors defended."

"Look into the mirror."

I beheld the interior of a vault beneath a large dwelling-house. Cases of wine were arranged around, and just visible in the dim light of the moon, which penetrated through a narrow grated window.

"This apartment, with its contents," said my companion, "belongs to a friend of the venerable man whom you have just seen. You must prepare for a surprise."

Notwithstanding the notice, I started at beholding the door softly opened and the individual whom I had beheld, and with the whole tenor of whose life and character I was so well acquainted, enter cautiously with a light and basket, which he proceeded to fill with bottles. He finished his task in silence—trod stealthily to the door, and was about to retire when a man sprang upon him suddenly, and roughly seizing him by the shoulders, shouted, "Ah! villain, I have caught you at last." He begged and entreated for mercy, and offered a bribe, if his discoverer would promise not to betray him, but at length yielded to necessity and accompanied him to the police. The report spread like wild-fire through the city. Every body seemed eager to give it circulation, with a kind of triumphant eagerness.

"And what think you, master student?" inquired the Genius.

"I am delighted," I said, "that a hypocrite is unmasked. I have never reposed faith in people who professed to be much better than those around them, and I sincerely trust that his punishment may—"

"This," interrupted the Genius, "is the bad feature in human nature which I would hold up to your attention. There is in almost every bosom a secret envy of the great and good. In the time of their prosperity, this evil passion sleeps. Perhaps they themselves are unconscious of its existence. It is covered over with smiles and congratulations. But when any circumstance occurs to reduce the object nearer to their own level, if any weak point is detected in his character, or any instance wherein temptation has proved too powerful, this dishonorable feeling displays itself in a pleasure so malicious, that it hastens to a judgment without inquiry or examination. It seems to glory in the downfall of a high character, which towered above others and covered them with its shadow. Even they who have shared its friendship and been benefited by its favor, turn against it with an apparent eagerness which does not altogether spring from moral rectitude. Like a shoal of porpoises, which, it is said, no sooner discover a wound upon any of their numbers, than they fall upon him simultaneously, and put an end to his life."

"But wherefore," I asked, "shall we not feel indignation

against one who has long been enjoying the rewards of virtue without deserving them?"

"A question concerning your own interest would not have been so easily settled," said my companion; "and had you suffered yourself to investigate the matter more closely, you would have detected the deception and found the object of your animadversion still guiltless. The owner of the property which he appears to have stolen, is under the weightiest obligations to him, and, unknown to his servant, gave him the key with which he gained entrance into the chamber, that he might at his leisure avail himself of the contents. The honest, but ignorant domestic, who accidentally observed his motions, was naturally appealed to by him with such arguments as he presumed most likely to be successful, in order to avoid the embarrassment of a public explanation. The agitation which you were so ready to interpret into the agonies of guilt about to be dragged to punishment, was but the horror of innocence shrinking from suspicion—and you are by no means the first who has mistaken the one for the other. This simple circumstance, which is without even a shadow of censure on the part of the apparent malefactor, has been exaggerated into a monstrous crime. So easy is it in this evil-seeking and malevolent world for the record of years spent in toil and virtue to be cancelled in a moment."

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

SKETCHES OF THE CLUB.

We assembled about nine, in the house of Aristarchus. In his youth, this gentleman struggled long with almost overwhelming difficulties. Few have travelled more extensively, or with a more keen insight into the true nature of things. Adversity has taught him to think, necessity compelled him to examine, and his various wanderings over the world have afforded him many facilities for comparing. The result appears in all his opinions and actions. He is never carried away by an impulse. He never confides in a person or an event but upon trial and investigation. And a very complete education and course of reading have placed him in possession of arguments to carry his point, and facts on which to found them. His past adventures have taught him to set a high value on wealth, but not to be proud of it. In his apartments, therefore, although furnished with many objects of rare value and purely ornamental, it is easy to perceive that the selections have been made principally with a view to real advantage. His clock is unencumbered with decoration, but seldom fails in giving the time. His pictures are inclosed in the plainest frames, but are actually choice specimens of the celebrated painters, collected abroad by himself. His piano, although chaste and simple in appearance, has a tone that instantly awakens delightful surprise—and his wine has been several times to India. In personal appearance he is noble. In stature he rises above six feet, and has an erect and military bearing. His limbs betray athletic strength, and his face manly daring, and a narrow observer might detect in his actions and sentiments, as well as in the curling outline of his lip and chin, and the flash of his large dark eyes, a naturally fervid spirit, of quick but strong operation, a full perception of the glowing and deeply beautiful moods of feeling and forms of physical life which, if undisciplined by study, thought, and other accidental causes, would have made him an epicure and a voluptuary.

The youngest of our circle is Appius, with all the other's capacity of feeling, without his habits of examination and restraint. He too, has been a traveller; but he has rather roamed as a poet than observed as a philosopher. A few months spent in Great Britain, a peep into Paris, and a glance of the Rhine, have filled his fancy with rich images and associations.

It will, of course, be understood, that I profess to give only a brief sketch of certain parts of the conversations which occur around me, and the reader will have the goodness to suppose that during the continuance of a dialogue between one couple, the others are equally employed upon some other subject.

On this occasion I was aroused with the contrast discovered between the two described above, upon the state of the New

York theatricals, of which I will set down such parts as I remember.

"No foreigner," said Appius, in reply to an observation from Aristarchus, "no foreigner is competent to judge of our performers until after repeated attendances. A first-rate player may be cast in a part not adapted to his powers; a silly one may, by the aid of the author, bear away all the applause. Besides, the excellence of many consists not in their brilliant style of delineating any single character, but in their faculty of shaping themselves to those of the most opposite description. It is from this cause that Mr. Placide requires many trials before his merit is fully appreciated. There is no force, therefore, in the strictures of those who come from the theatres of London, and betray disappointment in witnessing our representations."

"But the great inferiority of our company," said Aristarchus, "consists in the deficiency of the subordinate actors, so that I will venture to say that a New-York audience, however well certain parts have been enacted before them, have rarely witnessed a good play uniformly well sustained, and this is owing to themselves. There are always in the house intelligent individuals, capable of distinguishing the good from the bad; but the audience, as a whole, display the grossest instances, not only of dull perception, but of bad taste. The people in general know little of acting; and I believe if Garrick himself could be revived to play before them, without the aid of his reputation, he would long appeal to nearly empty boxes, until, by the force of his genius, he had not only afforded them a great model, but created a true taste by which that model might be admired. How many a fine reading and perfect attitude take place upon the stage in silence, while the most coarse and tedious songs, the most boisterous and vulgar ranting bring down peals of applause. How many thousand theatre-going people are there in this city who would rather hear Paddy Carey than the overture to Cinderella?"

"And yet," said Appius, "this is not so much a fair test of public taste as a mere exhibition of the different modes by which different classes of society express their approbation. That portion likely to be pleased with rant will be boisterous in their approval; while they who derive gratification from quiet displays of thought, will not manifest it by shouting and clapping their hands."

"But observe," replied the other, "the judgment and taste of the public, as displayed in the degree of patronage bestowed upon the various candidates for their favor, the unnatural excitement to which, on certain occasions, they are easily wrought, and the re-action which carries them to the other extreme. I remember Miss Kelly played some years ago frequently when the house was thronged from the stage lights to the Shakespeare, a striking contrast to the results of her subsequent efforts. She is neither so good nor so bad as she has been represented, and has never been justly estimated."

"But look," rejoined Appius, "at their discrimination in regard to young Burke. This wonderful and beautiful boy has at least met his just appreciation. His talents, his grace, his exquisite taste in music; the force, dignity, and pathos which he imparts to his highest attempts of tragedy; and the extraordinary and inconceivable contrast presented in his comedy, have borne him above all competition. His Richard the Third is replete with fine touches, and, as a whole, is an astonishing effort for any one. When beheld in a child it is doubly wonderful; and his Dennis Brulgruddery and Looney Macwolver are perfect. He is a prodigy, in the full sense of the word, and as such he is acknowledged."

"And it is this," said Aristarchus, "that I deem censurable, and in which, therefore, I dissent from your opinion. That this child is highly talented and admirably educated, is too well established by his charming performances to admit of any dispute—but he is not a prodigy. This term implies something out of the ordinary course of nature—a giant, a dwarf, or, in respect to mind, a natural development of mental powers, which burst out in defiance of opposition. The American public scarcely ever praise without over-rating. The force of their opinions on nearly all subjects is weakened by an unrestrained spirit of exaggeration. Of this, perhaps, little Burke is a fair instance. In no point of view does he present an attraction equal to a fine opera, or tragic or comic character sustained by a matured actor. The admirable feature in his mind is a facility in learning. Hundreds besides himself possess it. He has invented nothing; he has struck out no new path of mind; created no new school of taste. His comic performances are delightful, because they are correct imitations by a boy of the thoughts and actions of others. He cannot be a prodigy, because similar instances of apparent precocity are common,

and might be more so, if parents were pleased to train intelligent children properly for the stage."

"And are there, then, no mental prodigies?"

"They occur occasionally," replied Aristarchus, "but much less frequently than the world believe. Mozart was one. He composed during his early boyhood; and, from his natural taste, pieces different from all others, which will never be forgotten. He seemed born with some peculiarity of organization. Burke belongs to the highest class of clear-headed, intelligent, or, as the Americans say, *talented* boys; and from such education could produce a thousand like him. But the world could not, probably, afford more than one or two who could be drilled into anything like resemblance to Shakespeare or Mozart. Burke has every quality to arouse the affections and please the eye. You love him as a boy, and admire him as an actor; but the excitement which has been wrought up to so high a pitch will soon subside, as it has resulted rather from the love of novelty and the eagerness of curiosity, than a conviction that his exhibitions are more calculated than others to afford permanent pleasure." S.

For the New-York Mirror.

A MONODY.

THOU wast a great and glorious one,
With soul as radiant as the sun,
And who shall blame thy being not
A sun without a shade or spot,
Since such profane the beauty bright
Of even him, the Lord of light,
To show that in thy perfect clings
To all but uncreated things!
Some errors and some sins were thine,
And yet thou almost wast divine;
And who reproach shall on thee throw
That thou wast not in all things so?
Enough that in thy perfect clings
The least imperfection of mankind,
Whatever frailties thou hast known—
Perfection is for God alone.

And thou art dead?—ye sons of earth,
Your power, your glory, and your worth,
What are they? What avail they all,
Since death could even *Aim* enthrall?

And thou art dead!—And can it be?
Why, death himself had awe of thee,
When thou hast rushed to his embrace
To grapple with his face to face!
Yet thou art dead! the common lot—
Who can escape, since thou couldst not?

This moment glancing from the tomb
That veils thy narrow bed of gloom,
Upon the skies to fix my sight
Which veil thy spirit's home of light,
I saw the stars in splendor dim,
Yet sweet, through liquid azure swine,
And as their beauty on me beamed,
To whisper to my soul they seemed:

"What wonder man must life resign,
Since even we must cease to shine!
And not the starry host alone
Must fall before destruction's throne;
The moon, that from the skies embrace
Bends on you like an angel's face,
And even he whose faintest beams
Bathe worlds and worlds in living steams,
In darkness must their bed be made—
What wonder man as low is laid—
That valor cannot death disarm,
Nor even beauty's magic charm—
That warlike arm, and scarp-brow,
Must rot in earth, in dust must bow.

"Yet there's a light beneath the sky
That may be dimmed, but cannot die,
Whatever clouds may on it dwell,
The soul is indestructible!
A thousand suns may rise and set,
And leave the world as dusky yet;
And to the soul that dwelt in him,
Compared, a thousand suns were dim,
Death had but power upon the frail
Exterior that was its veil,
And when unveiled, it sprung to shine
On high, an orb of light divine,
Compared to whose reluctant play,
A thousand suns were as a ray!"

Why didst thou rise, supreme of men,
Till lost to all but envy's ken?
This was thy crime: for this arose
Millions of petty minds, thy foes;
For this, in thy unhappy hour,
They gave thee to a ruffian power,
Who proudly shook the threatening rod
Above the captive demi-god,
By insect persecutions glad
To sting the noble lion mad,
And poisoning every moment's breath,
To drive thee to despair or death!
Despair had never power to bow
Thy soul—but thou art dead—and how?

And thou art dead—yet even the grave
From envy's rancor cannot save.
"Thy god-like crime was to be great,"
Acme that was undying hate!
But thou, oh God! whose holy eyes
No erring passions prejudice,
Thou only knowest all the worth
Of him, thy masterpiece of earth;
And if his errors were not few,
Thou knowest the temptations too,
His virtue, radiant and sublime,
Surpassed whatever he knew of crime,
And had his crimes been far from small,
Thy mercy would surpass them all!

The mercy cruel men denied
He finds from thee, and purified
By thee from every earthly stain,
His spirit shall forever reign,
To glorify thy holy name
Of him from whom all glory came.

JAMES NACK.

MYTHOLOGY.

JUNE IN NEW-YORK.

It was the minstrel's merry month of June!
Silent and sultry glowed the breezeless noon;
Along the flowers the bee went murmuring;
Life in its myriad forms was on the wing;
Broke through the green leaves with the quivering beam,
Sung from the grove, and sparkled on the stream.—*Bulwer.*

The sixth month of the modern year is called June, from the Latin *junius à junioribus*, the younger sort of people; as the name of its predecessor May was derived from *majores*, in honor of the "most potent, grave, and reverend seniors" of that period. Our Saxon ancestors called June "meadow-month," because their herds were then turned out to feed in the meadows.

With respect to the weather and the charms of nature we have already expressed a predilection for this month, in preference to her fickle sister May; who, as if in resentment of our remarks, has this year frowned, and vapored, and fretted, and fumed, and wept, and laughed almost every day of her brief existence. Nay, on one occasion, she permitted her ill humor to get so much the better of her characteristic modesty, that she actually scolded like a vixen, and kept some of the good quiet citizens of Gotham awake half the night. This *fracas* occurred on the night of the nineteenth, (where was Alderman Strong?) just as Apollo was changing horses at the sign of the twins. She has been pretty quiet ever since, though seldom without a cloudy brow.

But June has come, with her bright, smiling, joyous face; blushing, and laughing, and romping, like a country lass in the harvest field.

"She comes, her brows with yellow wheat ears crown'd,
Her laughing face by heat and toil embrown'd;
She comes, with full and bounteous hand, to bring
All that was promised by the hopeful spring.
'Tis then the long-protracted summer-day
Perfects the crimson blossoms on each spray;
Bids the young fruit with richest juices teem,
And blush and ripen in the solar beam;
Then scarlet strawberries court the eager taste,
And early cherries yield a sweet repast!
While opening flowers, of many a varied dye,
In scented wood and wild delight the eye."

We heartily bid her welcome, and gratefully accept her bounties, for she enters our city with the horn of plenty in her hand, overflowing with rural luxuries; flowers of the richest hues and sweetest fragrance; lots of strawberries, cherries, and green peas; with her various and successive gifts of other fruits, many of them admirably adapted to the purpose of making business for our worthy physicians. Should these not prove sufficiently active, however, in the production of summer cases, ice-cream gardens and confectioneries amply supply the deficiency.

In the country nature now wears her most pleasing garb, while her face is lighted up with a sweet and continued smile, such as often beams from the sunny aspect of some gentle maiden, just bursting from girlishness into the charms of womanhood.

Now, on a moonlight evening, near the margin of some green meadow, through which meanders a sparkling rush-fringed streamlet, it is pleasant to listen to the tuneless serenade of crickets, bull-frogs, tree-toads, and katydids, while the distant wailings of the whippoorwill fall on the ear in sad responses from a neighboring forest. But this has all been "put into verse," and may be read in "the printed volume," of every native rhymester who has had the hardihood to perpetrate such a thing.

As regards saints, holidays, &c. June can claim a few; the first day being sacred to Nicomede, the fifth to Boniface, the eleventh to St. Barnabas, the twenty-fourth to St. John the Baptist, and the twenty-ninth to St. Peter. Neither is this month deficient in memorable events, among which we think it proper to name the following: Joan of Arc was burned for a witch on the fourteenth; Washington was appointed generalissimo of the revolutionary army on the fifteenth; the battle of Bunker's (or rather Breed's) hill took place on the seventeenth; Mahomet died on the eighteenth; our late war with Great Britain was declared on the eighteenth, and hostilities ceased on the eighteenth; the battle of Waterloo was decided on the eighteenth; Akenside, the celebrated English poet, died on the twenty-third; the battle of Bannockburn occurred on the twenty-fifth; and the battle of Monmouth on the twenty-eighth.

On the twenty-second of this month the sun enters the sign of *Cancer*.

"The crab sent in by Juno's angry spite,
To vex Alcides in his busy fight,
With the Lernaean Hydra."

A faithful representation of the dreadful combat between Hercules and the Hydra may be seen at the shop-door of every druggist who sells panacea. The story is thus told by

the ancients:—the hydra was a monster which infested the neighborhood of Lake Lerna, in Peloponnesus. It had an hundred heads, according to Diodorus; fifty, according to Simonides; and seven, according to the more received opinions of Apollodorus, Hyginus, and others. The destruction of this monster was the second labor of Hercules, who is also called Alcides. He first attacked the many-headed serpent with his arrows, but soon found it necessary to come to close quarters with his club. But, alas! this was productive of no advantage, for no sooner was one head put *hors de combat* than two others, ten times more wicked than the first, instantly grew up in the place, so that every blow he struck only made more work for poor Hercules. Hence we can at once see the singular propriety of adopting this device for quack medicines; as in curing one complaint, they generally produce two or three new ones. Thus the heads kept increasing in number as the hero of the club continued to "bang away." At length, however, he called his friend Idas to his assistance, who armed himself with a red hot iron, and whenever Hercules lopped off a head the other immediately applied the iron to the wound, which killed the root, and prevented any after-growth. By this means the monster was soon destroyed, and though the achievement could never have been effected without the aid of Idas, still Hercules has all the credit of it. Such is the way of the world.

But Juno, who, woman-like, must always have "a finger in the pie," (pity it had not been in the crab's claw,) maliciously sought to prevent the success of Hercules, and for that purpose in the midst of the battle sent a sea-crab to bite his foot! This new enemy, however, was quickly dispatched; and Juno, unable to succeed in her attempts to lessen the fame of Hercules, placed the crab among the constellations, where it is now called *cancer*. Modern authors give a different explanation to this sign of the zodiac. They say, that after the twenty-first of June the days begin to decrease in length, and that the year then begins to recede, or travel backwards like a crab.

June in New-York (we mean the city) is perhaps the most busy and lively month of the year. Our hotels are crowded to excess with strangers from all parts of the United States, more especially from the south; and the West India islands are represented by many of their wealthiest and most respectable merchants and planters. This is the period also at which visitors and adventurers pour upon us in crowds from Europe, as all who come for pleasure embark in May and land here in June. Our theatres and other public places of amusement are now better filled than at any other season of the year, November excepted. The citizens, too, begin to enjoy those agreeable aquatic excursions, for which the location of New-York is so admirably adapted, surrounded, as it is, on all sides with bright waters, and the richest rural scenery; while the fairy grounds of Niblo, like the paradise of Mahomet, is every evening tenanted with hours, and rendered vocal with the sweetest music. New mansions, and even palaces, are seen rising up on every side, with almost as much facility as if produced by the lamp of Aladdin. In short, to adopt the language of a tall friend of ours from the Green mountains, "New-York at the present time, is a pretty considerable smart, lively, busy, darn'd dirty, dusty sort of a kind of a place, I tell you." W.

FINE ARTS.

MR. GEAR'S CONCERT.

ON Friday evening, the twenty-seventh instant, a concert took place at the Masonic-hall, for the benefit of Mr. Gear, lately a chorister of the Chapel Royal and St. Paul's cathedral, London, but at present a professor of music and organist of Grace church, in this city. The school in which Mr. Gear has been educated, joined to assiduity in his profession, and his excellent private deportment, have caused him to meet with general and deserved encouragement; and we were pleased to observe the most respectable among our citizens in attendance. We, however, take leave to object to the mode in which he advertised his concert as being under the *patronage* of certain individuals, whose names he published. In this country, distinguishing persons for wealth, or what is termed *fashion*, and placing a public amusement under their immediate "patronage," savors too much of aristocracy and the old world's ways, to be otherwise than offensive to the public generally. It is sufficient that those gentlemen enjoy the fruits of their former industry, with the certainty that a proper, but liberal dispensation of their means, and an encouragement of the arts and sciences, will give them that moral weight in society which is their just right, but which

loses its consequence by any assumption of superiority, made either by them or for them.

We proceed now to criticize the concert. Mr. Gear had mustered a formidable array of vocal and instrumental talent, as may be gathered from the following names:

Vocal,
MRS. AUSTIN, | MR. GEAR,
MADAME BRICHTA, | MR. KYLE, SENR. AND
MR. FEHRMAN.

Instrumental,
MR. SEGURA, *chef d'orchestre*,
MR. W. TAYLOR, *first violin*,
MESSRS. J. TAYLOR AND GEAR, *contra bass*,
HUTTE AND WALKER, *violincelli*,
CHIOFFI, *trombone*,
NORTON, *trumpet*,
NIDS, *first horn*,
SCHOTT, *clarinet*,
KYLE, SENR., *bassoon*,
KYLE, JUN., *flute*,
Cum multis aliis.

The *overture* to "Der Freischutz" was played extremely well, but led faster than either the German or English bands usually execute it. Mr. Gear opened the *vocal* part with the song of William Tell, by Braham. He conceived the author well enough, but was deficient in strength and energy. Mr. Norton played a *concerto* on the *trumpet*, and selected such a composition as showed to the best advantage his peculiar *forte* on that instrument, which is brilliancy of tone and power. In Europe, Harper is esteemed the best professor of the *trumpet*, and, after him, they place Norton. In delicacy of *accompaniment*, and in the *upper notes*, we prefer Harper certainly; but for force, quality of *tone*, and *orchestral playing*, Norton has no equal. Madame Brichta's first song was Mozart's Aria, "Parto," from "La Clemenza di Tito," accompanied beautifully by Mr. Schott on the *clarinet*; the *slow movement* was sung chastely and well; but we cannot justly afford Madame Brichta the praise for this song which we have lately accorded to her exertions elsewhere. In the divisions her execution was by no means real, but rough and *staccato*, instead of progressing smoothly from note to note. Her second piece was the *finale* of "La Cenerentola," cut into a *solo*, and divested of *chorus*, which she executed very pleasingly. Mrs. Austin sang the *scena* from "Der Freischutz," of which, as it has been heard so often and with so much pleasure at the Park, we refrain from saying more than that she was in fine voice. The *accompaniment* was absolutely disgraceful. The *chords* were given by the band more like volleys from a raw set of recruits, than the concentrated fire of veterans; added to this, the beautiful *legato* movement was played by the *violins* without *mutes*, (*sordine*), a mistake of the grossest description. The song, "In bowers of laurel," by Bishop—*trumpet obligato*—was performed most admirably by Mr. Norton and Mrs. Austin. The union of the voice and trumpet, with the length and graduation of the *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, and the power both of the vocalist and instrumentalist created a remarkable effect, and was most enthusiastically applauded. In addition, Mrs. Austin sang the "Soldier's Tear," a beautiful ballad by Thomas Haynes Bayley, the music by Lee. Mr. Gear, sen. played Handel's air, the "Harmonious Blacksmith," *a la Dragonetti*, with no particular effect but that of making himself extremely warm. Mr. Fehrman sang a *morceau* from the "Zauberflöte" pleasingly, and with a great deal of taste. This gentleman is incomparably superior to Signor Dorigo, who figured here for a short time, and, with study, may become a great acquisition to our vocal strength. A *duet* by Messrs. Kyle and Gear, and the *glee*, by Callcott, "The Red Cross Knight," made up the sum of the music. We have purposely left the mention of Rossini's celebrated *overture*, "Guillaume Tell" to the last. We conceive Mr. Gear entitled to the thanks of the musical part of the community for affording them an opportunity of hearing this piece. Notwithstanding it was produced under every disadvantage, it gave general pleasure. It is our duty to point out to the readers of this journal, not only the effects of music, but the causes of those effects. The music of "Guillaume Tell" forms a striking feature in the life of Rossini, as evincing a complete change of style. Here, for the first time, he has quitted his usual mannerism, and adopted not only a different mode of modulation, but assumed a change in the well-known character of his melodies. In taking up the subject of the "Swiss Patriot," he has become a Tyrolien, and engrained the character of the wild music of the mountains upon the rich stores of his own cultivated Italy—and certainly with great success. If he be not original in this idea, we only know of one example that he can have presented to

himself, and that one is *Boieldieu*, who has adopted a similar course in founding his "Dame Blanche" on an imitation of Scotch melody. The *overture* commences with a slow movement, written *obligato* for six *violincelli*, but, as Mr. Gear could not muster so many without some difficulty, and the number was consequently made up by the addition of *tenor violins*, of course the effect was not precisely such as could be desired. The second movement has a common Swiss melody of the *rons des vaches* species for a subject, given, in the original score, to the "Corno Inglese," an instrument of beautiful and peculiar quality, and totally unknown in this country. Mr. Schott played the *motive* on the *clarinet* with that soft and pleasing tone for which he is remarkable; this instrument is soon joined by the *flute*, and the author works the subject forward and brings in the whole *band* with stormy and wild passages, a good deal resembling those found in Auber's *overture* to "Masaniello." The last part—an *allegro*—or, as it was played, a *presto movement*, is ushered in by a brilliant *trumpet call*, and then dashes into a martial air, a kind of quick step, not particular for much originality, but a splendid instance of powerful *instrumentation*, and admirably adapted to excite and please all kinds of auditors, particularly as the general run of persons delight in noise—and here *trumpet*, *trombone*, *drums*, and *triangle* create a vast din. The band played this *overture* delightfully, and received a most enthusiastic *encore*. Altogether, this concert was one of the best we have attended in America. B.

ENGRAVING.

A very pretty quarto pamphlet has just appeared, published by Peabody & Co., Broadway. It forms the first number of a series of views illustrating New-York and its environs, and, with several pages of letter-press, contains four engravings, viz: view of the city from Governor's Island, of Broadway from the Park, of the Bowling-green, and of the American-hotel, including the store of the publishers. It is got up in a creditable manner, and, although topographical illustrations are generally dry matters, and, in this particular instance, not likely to throw any extraordinary light on the early affairs of the city, we are told the work meets with a rapid sale.

NEW MUSIC.

J. L. Hewitt, Broadway, has just published, in quite a neat style, the following pieces: the "Hell at sea," words by Mrs. Henans, music by her sister;—"Here do we meet," written and composed by J. A. Wade;—"Christ our pass-over, is sacrificed for us," composed by Gear;—"The light bark," and "Air from the opera of Giovanni."

THE DRAMA.

All the theatres are at present attractive. Burke continues at the Park to delight full houses. Everybody should see him in the March of Intellect, and Looney Macwotter in the Review. They are his best efforts, and infinitely superior to his Richard. Cinderella has not yet lost its charms. This favorite opera has undergone several changes in the cast. Mrs. Vernon has succeeded for a short time, in consequence of a domestic affliction, and Mrs. Blake has quitted the theatre. They are both much to be regretted, although the loss is partially supplied by Mrs. Sharpe, whom the public will welcome to her old station in the establishment. We are sorry to add that she was apparently less perfect on the second night of her appearance than her first. She neglected to take up her part of the trio in the chorus of the Prince's followers, in the first act; and discovered the same carelessness in the chorus in the ball-room scene, after the disappearance of Cinderella; and also in the *finale* to the opera, in all of which Mrs. Blake was heard clearly and distinctly. In the character of Thisbe Mrs. Durie acquits herself remarkably well, "considering the shortness of the notice." It is said that the managers are making great and expensive arrangements to produce the splendid opera of Masaniello with effect for the next season. An organ is to be erected, and large additions made to the already excellent chorus.

The Bowery offers Cagliostro, or the Mysterious Confederates. It was produced and much admired on Monday.

Mr. Payne's new tragedy of Oswald of Athens, will be brought forward at the Chatham on Monday evening next, with an original epilogue. Mr. Adams, who is to personate the principal character, has profited by his transatlantic excursion. His Hamlet and Alexander at this theatre drew good houses. As a native actor, in a patriotic play from the pen of an American, he will no doubt attract a full audience. The epilogue, to be spoken in character by Mrs. Hughes, is from the pen of Mr. Woodworth.

For the New-York Mirror.

STANZAS.

WHEN the twilight's last commotion
Is sinking into rest,
And its soft hour of devotion
Sheds its stillness o'er the breast;
When the shadows, slowly darkling,
Call the night-hawk to the sea,
Where the starlit streams are sparkling,
I will hie me, love, to thee.

When the evening dews are sealing
The bright eyes of the flowers,
And the scented winds are stealing,
Like spirits, through the bowers;
While the weary birds are dreaming
Of sunshine and of glee,
And the vesper star is beaming,
I will hie me, love, to thee.

When the whippoorwill is glancing
Where the sylvan echoes dwell,
And fairy feet are dancing
In the unrequited dell,
When the moon her light is flinging
O'er the green earth and the sea,
And the mermaid's song is singing,
I will hie me, love, to thee.

When the cricket's notes awaken
'Neath the cotter's peaceful hearth,
And the festive hall is shaken
By its music and its mirth;
While the fire-fly goes a wooing
His mistress o'er the lea,
And the catydid is cooing,
I will hie me, love, to thee.

Believe me, oh! believe me,
I could not love thee less,
Though fortune should deceive me
With many a fond caress;
For my spirit, like a pinion
From cage and clasp set free,
True to first love's dominion,
Would hie it unto thee.

Yes, though with bosom yearning
For home's remembered smiles,
A wanderer, just returning
From ocean's farthest isles—
Ere a father had caressed me,
Or a sister clung my knee,
Ere a mother's tears had blest me,
I would hie me unto thee.

PROTEUS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Dutchman's Fireside. A Novel, now in press. New-York. J. & J. Harper. 1831.

THE appearance of an American book, by a native writer, is always to us a subject of peculiar interest, as exhibiting the progress of literature in the United States. The kindness of the publishers of the work at the head of this article, has afforded us an opportunity of perusing it, and we are happy in being enabled thus early to lay before our readers a sample of its merits. Previous to doing this, however, we take occasion to say a few words about the author, who is generally understood to be Mr. Paulding, a name extensively known to this country by a variety of admirable productions.

One of the distinguishing characteristics of the compositions of this gentleman, is an independence of opinion, which, without doubt, has in some measure, injured his general popularity, by placing him occasionally in opposition to the prevailing tastes and fashions of the day. We believe he has never, at any time, sacrificed a principle which he thought to be right, for the purpose of conciliating or flattering any class or denomination of readers. His writings are, moreover, all strictly American—they advocate our institutions, defend our character, and neither court the applauses of foreign critics, by invidious flattery, nor seek to evade their censure by a suppression of his sentiments. We do not recollect a single work of his which is not peculiar for this undeviating devotion to his native land.

This attachment to his country, this fearlessness in asserting its claims, and defending its character and form of government, is, we think, one principal cause that but few of his volumes have been re-published in Europe. They do not suit the tone of that quarter, nor harmonize with the feelings and institutions of monarchy, or the claims to indiscriminate superiority formerly asserted by the reviewers of the old world. They administer neither to the pride of aristocracy, nor the vanity of pretension. In looking over the English periodicals, we see frequent extracts, and occasionally a tale, from his pen; but, as a whole, they are not calculated, and appear not to have been intended, for that market. Those who know with what energy the opinions of foreign critics re-act upon this country, will at once perceive how strongly this neglect and censure of the transatlantic press must have obscured the reputation of this gentleman, in the eyes of those who see only through the spectacles of others.

To us he seems not inferior, in the extent and diversity of his talents, to any American writer of the present school. There is a keen insight into the human character and human motives; a capacity for deep and striking observations, which,

mingled as they are, with a racy original humor, and a playful vivacity, may, and undoubtedly sometimes do, escape the ordinary reader. With an air of apparent levity, they combine much of the power of philosophical analysis, and a jest is often found to convey an important moral. His dialogue is full of spirit and colloquial ease, and the total absence of display or affectation. The style of his works is almost as various as the themes he discusses, or the objects he describes; in the "History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan," it is marked by the most naked simplicity; in the "Letters from the South," there are frequent pages of lofty enthusiasm, which we remember to have struck us as exceedingly beautiful; and, generally speaking, it is always happily adapted to the subject. Without being labored, highly polished, or ambitious, it is clear and energetic, occasionally, and we have sometimes thought designedly so, a little careless, as if in wilful opposition to the taste of the times. Though not dealing much in the pathetic, there are touches of feeling which sufficiently indicate that, if he has chosen the walks of humor, it is not from want of power to address the deeper passions. It may however be observed as a fault that his satire is often severe, and his opinions not unfrequently asserted too positively.

We have thought this a proper opportunity to do something like justice to a writer, who is more thoroughly American—whether it be considered a recommendation or a reproach—than any of his more distinguished contemporaries; and whose reputation has, without doubt, been circumscribed by that circumstance. We will now proceed to notice more particularly the work before us.

The story is a domestic one, and refers, as the author informs us in a short preface, to that period and that state of manners so charmingly delineated by Mrs. Grant, in the "Memoirs of an American Lady." The progress of the plot, however, leads to adventures of a more public and striking nature, and to many stirring scenes, addressing themselves to the admirers of high-wrought romance. The principal object of the writer seems to have been to develop the character of a young man, who, educated in almost total seclusion becomes a great scholar, but at the same time unfit for the business and the intercourse of the world—proud, sensitive, abstracted, and visionary; timid in trifles, yet fearless in acts of great peril—one, who feeling himself awkward in society, imagines everybody is laughing at him. Under this impression he becomes wayward, selfish, and miserable; the destroyer of his own happiness and that of the woman he loves. Being, however, carried through a series of active vicissitudes, the powers of his mind and the energies of his nature gradually develop themselves, and restore him to self-confidence and self-complacency. He is aided in his restoration by the conversation and example of the famous Sir William Johnson. This gentleman resided long among, and obtained a wonderful influence over, the Mohawks, whose character is finely delineated, and in whose last words to the hero, is couched the moral of the tale—"action, Sybrandt—remember, action."

The story abounds in variety, carrying the reader from the fireside to the wilderness—from the rural field to the scene of battle—and from the society of the savage to the *beau monde* of New-York, and the little court of the governor, where figure in hoops and brocades the great-grandmothers of the present generation.

It may be proper to state, as explanatory of the chapter we are now about to offer to our readers, that the English and French provincial armies are supposed to be disposed on the shores of Lake Champlain, at some twenty miles distance, the former in their entrenchments at Ticonderoga. The object of the expedition here recorded, is to ascertain the situation, number, and plans of the French.

CHAPTER XIV.

AFTER resting one night at Fort George, they proceeded in boats which were waiting for them down the lake, and in good time arrived at Ticonderoga. Here Sir William turned over the reinforcement he had brought with him to its proper division, and himself took command of the provincials and Indian allies; the latter consisting of the warriors of the five Nations. The situation of Ticonderoga, or *Old Ty*, as it is familiarly called, enables it to command the best route between Canada and New-York, and, consequently, it had always been a bone of contention between the French and English, while the former possessed the Canadas and the latter the United States. At the period of which I am now speaking here was assembled the finest army that had hitherto been collected in one body in the new world, as to numbers, discipline, and appointments.

The commander was a brave, experienced, and capable officer; but he knew little of the nature of an irregular warfare in the wilderness against savages and woodmen, and, what was far worse, was too proud to learn. He might have found in Colonel Vancour and Sir William Johnson most able and efficient instructors; but he could not brook the idea of being schooled by provincials, and gloomy were the forebodings of these two experienced gentlemen, during their last conference, that the obstinacy of the commanding general, in applying the tactics of Europe to this warfare of the woods, would be fatal to the expedition, and occasion the defeat, if not the destruction, of this fine army.

Sir William was not a man to be idle in such stirring times, or, indeed, at any time, and he determined that Sybrandt should have little leisure for devouring his own heart in idleness and disappointment. He accordingly detached him on various services; sometimes to gain information of the motions of the enemy, who were said to be advancing in force; sometimes with parties down Lake George to the fort of that name, which was a principal depot of supplies from Albany; and at others to scour the woods in search of vagrant parties of hostile Indians, of whom large numbers were attached to the army of the enemy. In all these services Sybrandt acquitted himself with courage and discretion.

"Bravo," would Sir William exclaim; "you were made for a soldier—to command, not to obey—to lead men, not to be led by a woman. I see I shall make something of you. To night I shall put you to the knife, to try your metal to the utmost."

"I am ready," answered Sybrandt.

"Listen, then," replied Sir William. "Our general is a good soldier and an able officer, so far as mere bravery and an acquaintance with European tactics go. But he is not fit to command here; he is not the Moses to lead armies through the wilderness. He is ignorant of his enemy, and undervalues him; bad, both bad. He has not the least conception that an army of savages may be within twenty feet of him, and he neither see nor hear them. He cannot divest himself of the notion, that they must have baggage-waggons, and horses for their artillery, and depots of provisions, and all the paraphernalia of a regular army on the plains of Flanders. He does not know that an army of savages are neither heard nor seen till they are felt, that they travel like the wind, and with as little incumbrance. He will consequently be taken by surprise and cut to pieces, unless I and my provincials and redskins make up for his careless folly by our wise vigilance. Now to the point."

"From various indications, which none but an Indian or a backwoodsman can comprehend, I am fully satisfied that the enemy is in much greater force than he chooses to have believed; and this is what I want to be certain of before tomorrow morning, because I have been apprised by the general, that he considers it disgraceful to his majesty's arms to be cooped up in a fort by an inferior enemy. He means to march out in battle array to-morrow, with drums beating, colors flying, and every other device to apprise the enemy of his motion. If he does, it requires not the spirit of prophecy to predict that he will sacrifice, not only the interests of his country, but the lives of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of brave men. The service is perilous; why should I disguise it? it is almost certain death; but you are no common man; nay, I don't flatter you. I would pledge my life on your marching up to the cannon's mouth without winking an eye, if it were necessary. I would go myself on this service, but my rank and the command I hold make it impossible."

"Name the service, Sir William. Life is of little value to me, and if—"

"I wish!" exclaimed the knight, impatiently. "Disgust of life is an ignoble impulse to heroic actions. I wish you to be animated by the love of your country and the desire of glory. Such motives are alone worthy of the man who risks his life in undertakings of extreme peril."

"Sir William Johnson," replied Sybrandt, proudly, "you are my superior in rank and in merit, if you please, but this gives you no right to insult my feelings, nor am I inclined to submit to it. As a soldier, do with me as you please."

"You are right, young man, and I beg your pardon. Well then, let your motive be what it may; if not ambition, love; both are equally powerful, if not equally noble. If your mistress is true, she will rejoice in your success; if she is false, the most noble revenge you can take will be to make her regret having lost the opportunity of participating in your fame. Give me your hand; are we friends again?"

Sybrandt received it with an acknowledgment of grateful and affectionate respect.

"What escort am I to have?" asked he

"None; an escort would assuredly betray you. A boat and a man to row it is all I can allow you."

"As you think best; I am satisfied."

Sir William then proceeded to instruct him in the course he was to pursue. To go on this expedition by land would subject him to inevitable discovery. He was, therefore, to be furnished with an Indian canoe, with a single man to paddle it, and under cover of the night, which promised to be sufficiently dark, proceed silently down the narrow strait into Lake Champlain, only so far that he could return with certainty before daylight. He was enjoined not to neglect this; for the narrowness of the strait, lined, as it was without doubt, by parties of skulking Indians, would expose him to certain death, if once seen.

"Should you ascertain the position of the enemy," continued he, "you must depend on your own sagacity, and that of Timothy Weasel, for the direction of your subsequent conduct."

"Timothy Weasel! who is he?"

"What! have you never heard of Timothy Weasel, the Varmonter, as he calls himself?"

"Never."

"Well, then, I must give you a sketch of his story before I introduce him. He was born in New-Hampshire, as he says, and in due time, as is customary in those parts, married, and took possession, by right of discovery I suppose, of a tract of land in what was at that time called the New-Hampshire grants. Others followed him, and in the course of a few years a little settlement was formed of real 'cute Yankees, as Timothy calls them, to the amount of sixty or seventy men, women, and children. They were gradually growing in wealth and numbers, when one night, in the dead of winter, they were set upon by a party of Indians from Canada, and every soul of them, except Timothy, either consumed in the flames or massacred in the attempt to escape. I have witnessed in the course of my life many scenes of horror, but nothing like that which he describes, in which his wife and eight children perished. Timothy was left for dead by the savages, who, as is their custom, departed at the dawn, for fear the news of this massacre might rouse some of the neighboring settlements, in time to overtake them before they reached home. When all was silent, Timothy, who, though severely wounded in a dozen places, only had, as he says, 'been playing 'possum,' raised himself up and looked around him. The smoking ruins, mangled limbs, blood-stained snow, and the whole scene, as he describes it with quaint pathos, is enough to make one's blood run cold. He managed to raise himself upright, and, by dint of incredible exertions, to reach a neighboring village, distant about forty miles, where he told his story, and was then put to bed, where he lay some weeks. In the meantime the people of the settlement had gone and buried the remains of his unfortunate family and neighbors. When Timothy got well, he visited the spot, and while viewing the ruins of the houses, and pondering over the graves of all that were dear to him, solemnly devoted the rest of his life to revenge. He accordingly buried himself in the woods, and built a cabin about twelve miles from hence, in a situation the most favorable to killing the 'kритters,' as he terms the savages. From that time until now he has waged a perpetual war against them, and, according to his own account, sacrificed almost a hecatomb to the manes of his wife and children. His intrepidity is wonderful, and his sagacity in the pursuit of this grand object of his life is beyond all belief. I am half a savage myself; but I have heard this man relate stories of his adventures and escapes, which make me feel myself, in the language of the red-skins, 'a woman,' in comparison with this strange compound of cunning and simplicity. It is inconceivable with what avidity he will hunt an Indian; and the keenest sportsman does not feel a hundredth part of the delight in bringing down his game, that Timothy does in witnessing the mortal pangs of one of the red men. It is a horrible propensity; but to lose all in one night, and to wake the next morning and see nothing but the mangled remains of wife, children, and all that man holds most close to his inmost heart, is no trifle. If ever mortal had motive for revenge, it is Timothy. Such as he is, I employ him, and find his services highly useful. He is a compound of the two races, and combines all the qualities essential to the species of warfare in which we are now engaged. I have sent for him, and expect him here every moment."

As Sir William concluded, Sybrandt heard a long dry sort of "h-e-e-m-m," ejaculated just outside the door.

"That's he," exclaimed Sir William; "I know the sound. It is his usual expression of satisfaction at the prospect of being employed against his old enemies. Come in, Timothy."

Timothy accordingly made his appearance, forgot his bow, and said nothing. Sybrandt eyed his associate with close attention. He was a tall, wind-dried man, with extremely sharp angular features, and a complexion of course bronzed by the exposures to which he had been subjected for so many years. His curly head of hair was of a sort of sunburnt color; his beard of a month's growth at least, and his eye of sprightly blue never rested a moment in its socket. It glanced from side to side, and up and down, and here and there, with indescribable rapidity, as though in search of some object of interest or apprehensive of sudden danger. It was a perpetual silent alarm.

"Timothy," said Sir William, "I want to employ you to-night."

"H-e-m-m," answered Timothy.

"Are you at leisure to depart immediately?"

"What, right off?"

"Ay, in less than no time."

"I guess I am."

"Very well—that means you are certain."

"I'm always sartin of my mark."

"Have you your gun with you?"

"It's just outside the door."

"And plenty of ammunition?"

"Why, what under the sun should I do with a gun and no ammunition?"

"Can you paddle a canoe so that nobody can hear you?"

"Can't I? h-e-e-m!"

"And are you all ready?"

"I 'spect so. I knew you didn't want me for nothing, and so got all ready."

"Have you any thing to eat by the way?"

"No; if I only stay out two or three days, I shan't be hungry."

"But you are to have a companion."

Timothy here manufactured a sort of lincey-woolsey grunt, betokening disapprobation.

"I'd rather go alone."

"But it is necessary you should have a companion; this young gentleman will go with you."

Timothy hereupon subjected Sybrandt to a rigid scrutiny of those busy eyes of his, that seemed to run over him as quick as lightning.

"I'd rather go by myself," said he again.

"That is out of the question, so say no more about it. Are you ready to go now—this minute?"

"Yes."

Sir William then explained the object of the expedition to Timothy much in the same manner he had previously done to Sybrandt.

"But mayn't I shoot one of them tarnal kritters if he comes in my way?" said Timothy in a tone of great interest.

"No; you are not to fire a gun, nor attempt any hostility whatever, unless it is neck or nothing with you."

"Well, that's what I call hard; but maybe it will please heaven to put our lives in danger—that's some comfort."

The knight now produced two Indian dresses, which he directed them to put on, somewhat against the inclinations of friend Timothy, who observed that if he happened to see his shadow in the water he should certainly mistake it for one of the tarnal kritters, and shoot himself. Sir William then with his own hand painted the face of Sybrandt so as to resemble that of an Indian—an operation not at all necessary to Timothy; his toilet was already made; his complexion required no embellishment. This done, the night having now set in, Sir William, motioning silence, led the way cautiously to one of the gates of Ticonderoga, which was opened by the sentinel, and they proceeded swiftly and silently to the high bank, which hung over the narrow strait in front of the fort. A little bark canoe lay moored at the foot, into which Sybrandt and Timothy placed themselves flat on the bottom, each with his musket and accoutrements at his side, and a paddle in his hand.

"Now," said Sir William, almost in a whisper, "now, luck be with you, boys; remember, you are to return before daylight, without fail."

"But, Sir William," said Timothy coaxingly, "now, mayn't I take a pop at one of the tarnal kritters, if I meet 'em?"

"I tell you, no!" replied the other, "unless you wish to be popped out of the world when you come back. Away with you, my boys."

Each seized his paddle, and the light feather of a boat darter away with the swiftness of a bubble in a whirlpool.

"It's plaguy hard," muttered Timothy to himself.

"What?" quoth Sybrandt.

"Why, not to have the privilege of shooting one of these varmints."

"Not another word," whispered Sybrandt; "we may be overheard from the shore."

"Does he think I don't know what's what?" again muttered Timothy, plying his paddle with a celerity and silence that Sybrandt vainly tried to equal.

The night gradually grew dark as pitch. All became of one color, and the earth and the air were confounded together in utter obscurity, at least in the eyes of Sybrandt Westbrook. Not a breath of wind disturbed the foliage of the trees, that hung invisible to all eyes but those of Timothy, who seemed to see best in the dark; not an echo, not a whisper disturbed the dead silence of nature, as they darted along unseen and unseeing—at least our hero could see nothing but darkness.

"Whisht!" aspirated Timothy, at length, so low that he could scarcely hear himself; and after making a few strokes with his paddle, so as to shoot the boat out of her course, covered himself down to the bottom. Sybrandt did the same, peering just over the side of the boat, to discover, if possible, the reason of Timothy's manoeuvres. Suddenly he heard, or thought he heard, the measured sound of paddles dipping lightly into the water. A few minutes more, and he saw five or six little lights glimmering indistinctly through the obscurity, apparently at a great distance. Timothy raised himself up suddenly, seized his gun, and pointed it for a moment at one of the lights; but, recollecting the injunction of Sir William, immediately resumed his former position. In a few minutes the sound of the paddles died away, and the lights disappeared.

"What was that?" whispered Sybrandt.

"The Frenchmen are turning the tables on us, I guess," replied the other. "If that boat isn't going a-spying just like ourselves, I'm quite out in my calculation."

"What! with lights? They must be great fools."

"It was only the fire of their pipes, which the darkness made look like so many candles. I'm thinking what a fine mark these lights would have been; and how I could have peppered two or three of them, if Sir William had not bin so plaguy obstinate."

"Peppered them! why, they were half-a-dozen miles off!"

"They were within fifty yards, the kritters; I could have broke all their pipes as easy as kiss my hand."

"How do you know they were Indians?"

"Why, did you ever hear so many Frenchmen make so little noise!"

This reply was perfectly convincing; and Sybrandt again enjoining silence, they proceeded with the same celerity, and in the same intensity of darkness as before, for more than an hour. This brought them, at the swift rate they were going, a distance of at least twenty miles from the place of their departure.

Turning a sharp angle, at the expiration of the time just specified, Timothy suddenly stopped his paddle as before, and covered down at the bottom of the canoe. Sybrandt had no occasion to inquire the reason of this action; for happening to look towards the shore, he could discover at a distance innumerable lights glimmering and flashing amid the obscurity, and rendering the darkness beyond the sphere of their influence still more profound. These lights appeared to extend several miles along what he supposed to be the strait or lake, which occasionally reflected their glancing rays upon its quiet bosom.

"There they are, the kritters," whispered Timothy, exultingly; "we've treed 'em at last, I swow. Now, mister, let me ask you one question—will you obey my orders?"

"If I like them," said Sybrandt.

"Ay, like or no like. I must be captain for a little time, at least."

"I have no objection to benefit by your experience."

"Can you play Ingen when you are put to it?"

"I have been among them, and know something of their character and manners."

"Can you talk Ingen?"

"No!"

"Ah! your education has been sadly neglected. But come, there's no time to waste in talking Ingen or English. We must get right in the middle of these kritters. Can you creep on all-fours without waking up a cricket?"

"No!"

"Plague on it! I wonder what Sir William meant by sending you with me. I could have done better by myself. Are you afeard?"

"Try me."

"Well, then, I must make the best of the matter. They

are camped out—I see by their fires—by themselves. I can't stop to tell you every thing; but you must keep close to me, do just as I do, and say nothing; that's all."

"I am likely to play a pretty part, I see."

"Play! you'll find no play here, I guess, mister. Set down close; make no noise; and if you go to sneeze or cough, take right hold of your throat, and let it go downwards."

Sybrandt obeyed his injunctions; and Timothy proceeded towards the lights, which appeared much farther off in the darkness than they really were, handling his paddle with such lightness and dexterity that Sybrandt could not hear the strokes. In this manner they swiftly approached the encampment, until they could distinguish a confused noise of shoutings and halloosings, which gradually broke on their ears in discordant violence. Timothy stopped his paddle and listened.

"It is the song of those tarnal Uttawas. They're in a drunken frolic, as they always are the night before going to battle. I know them, for I've popped off a few, and can talk and sing their songs pretty considerably, I guess. So we'll be among them right off. Don't forget what I told you about doing as I do, and holding your tongue."

Cautiously plying his paddle, he now shot in close to the shore whence the sounds of revelry proceeded, and made the land at some little distance, that he might avoid the sentinels, whom they could hear ever and anon challenging each other. They then drew up the canoe into the bushes, which here closely skirted the waters.

"Now leave all behind but yourself, and follow me," whispered Timothy, as he carefully felt whether the muskets were well covered from the damp of the night; and then laid himself down on his face, and crawled along under the bushes with the quiet celerity of a snake in the grass.

"Must we leave our guns behind?" whispered Sybrandt.

"Yes, according to orders; but it's a plaguy hard case. Yet upon the whole it's best; for if I was to get a fair chance at one of them, I believe in my heart my gun would go off clean of itself. But hush! shut your mouth as close as a powder-horn."

After proceeding some distance, Sybrandt getting well scratched by the briars, and finding infinite difficulty in keeping up with Timothy, the latter stopped short.

"Here they are," said he, in the lowest whisper.

"Where?" replied the other, in the same tone.

"Look right before you."

Sybrandt followed the direction, and beheld a group of five or six Indians seated round a fire, the waning lustre of which cast a fitful light upon their dark countenances, whose savage expression was heightened to ferocity by the stimulant of the debauch in which they were engaged. They sat on the ground swaying to and fro, backward and forward, and from side to side, ever and anon passing round the canteen from one to the other, and sometimes rudely snatching it away, when they thought either was drinking more than his share. At intervals they broke out into yelling and discordant songs, filled with extravagant boastings of murders, massacres, burnings, and plunderings, mixed up with threatenings of what they would do to the red coat long knives on the morrow. One of these songs recited the destruction of a village, and bore a striking resemblance to the bloody catastrophe of poor Timothy's wife and children. Sybrandt could not understand it, but he could hear the quick suppressed breathings of his companion, who, when it was done, aspirated, in a tone of smothered vengeance, "If I only had my gun!"

"Stay here a moment," whispered he, as he crept cautiously towards the noisy group, which all at once became perfectly quiet, and remained in the attitude of listening.

"Hush!" muttered one, who appeared by his dress to be the principal.

Timothy replied in a few Indian words, which Sybrandt did not comprehend; and raising himself from the ground, suddenly appeared in the midst of them. A few words were rapidly interchanged, and Timothy then brought forward his companion, whom he presented to the Uttawas, who welcomed him and handed the canteen, now almost empty.

"My brother does not talk," said Timothy.

"Is he dumb?" asked the chief of the Uttawas.

"No; but he has sworn not to open his mouth till he has struck the body of a long knife."

"Good," said the other, "he is welcome."

After a pause he went on, at the same time eyeing Sybrandt with suspicion; though his faculties were obscured by the fumes of the liquor he still continued to drink, and hand round at short intervals.

"I don't remember the young warrior. Is he of our tribe?"

"He is; but he was stolen by the Iroquois many years ago, and only returned lately."

"How did he escape?"

"He killed two chiefs while they were asleep by the fire, and ran away."

"Good," said the Uttawas: and for a few moments sunk into a kind of stupor, from which he suddenly roused himself, and grasping his tomahawk started up, rushed towards Sybrandt, and raised his deadly weapon, stood over him in the attitude of striking. Sybrandt remained perfectly unmoved, waiting the stroke.

"Good," said the Uttawas again: "I am satisfied; the Uttawas never shuts his eyes at death. He is worthy to be our brother. He shall go with us to battle to-morrow."

"We have just come in time," said Timothy. "Does the white chief march against the red-coats to-morrow?"

"He does."

"Has he men enough to fight them?"

"They are like the leaves on the trees," said the other.

By degrees Timothy drew from the Uttawas chief the number of Frenchmen, Indians, and *coureurs de bois* which composed the army; the hour when they were to commence their march, the course they were to take, and the outlines of the plan of attack, in case the British either waited for them in the fort or met them in the field. By the time he had finished his examination, the whole party, with the exception of Timothy, Sybrandt, and the chief, were fast asleep. In a few minutes after, the two former affected to be in the same state, and began to snore lustily. The Uttawas chief nodded from side to side, then sunk down like a log, and remained insensible to every thing around him, in the sleep of drunkennes.

Timothy lay without motion for a while, then turned himself over, and rolled about with apparent unconsciousness, managing to strike against each of the party in succession. They remained fast asleep. He then cautiously raised himself, and Sybrandt did the same. In a moment Timothy was down again, and Sybrandt followed his example without knowing why, until he heard some one approach, and distinguished, as they came nigh, two officers, apparently of rank. They halted near the waning fire, and one said to the other in French, in a low tone:

"The beasts are all asleep; it is time to wake them. Our spies are come back, and we must march."

"Not yet," replied the other; "let them sleep an hour longer, and they will wake sober."

They then passed on, and when their footsteps were no longer heard, Timothy again raised himself up, motioning our hero to lie still. After ascertaining by certain tests which experience had taught him, that the Indians still continued in a profound sleep, he proceeded with wonderful dexterity and silence to shake the priming from each of the guns in succession. After this, he took their powder-horns and emptied them; then taking up the tomahawk of the Uttawas chief, which he had dropped from his hand, he stood over him for a moment, with an expression of deadly hatred which Sybrandt had never before seen in his or in any other countenance. The intense desire of killing one of them, struggled a few moments with his obligations to obey the orders of Sir William; but the latter at length triumphed, and motioning Sybrandt, they crawled away with the silence and celerity with which they came; lunched their canoe, and plied their paddles with night and main.

"The morning breeze is springing up," said Timothy, "and it will soon be daylight. We must be tarnal busy."

And busy they were, and swiftly did the light canoe slide over the wave, leaving scarce a wake behind her. As they turned the angle which hid the encampment from their view, Timothy ventured to speak a little above his breath.

"It's lucky for us that the boat we passed couing down has returned, for it's growing light apace. I'm only sorry for one thing."

"What's that?" asked Sybrandt.

"That I let that drunken Uttawas alone. If I had only bin out on my own bottom, he'd have bin stun dead in a twinkling, I guess."

"And you too, I guess," said Sybrandt, adopting his peculiar phrasing; "you would have been overtaken and killed."

"Who, I? I must be a poor critter if I can't dodge half-a-dozen of these drunken varnints."

A few hours of sturdy exertion brought them at length within sight of Ticonderoga, just as the red harbingers of morning striped the pale green of the skies. Star after star disappeared, as Timothy observed, like candles that had been burning all night and gone out of themselves, and as they struck the foot of the high bluff whence they had departed, the rays of the sun just tipped the peaks of the high moun-

tains rising towards the west. Timothy then shook hands with our hero.

"You're a hearty critter," said he, "and I'll tell Sir William how you looked at that tarnal tomahawk as if it had been an old pipe-stem."

Without losing a moment, they proceeded to the quarters of Sir William, whom they found watching for them with extreme anxiety. He extended both hands towards our hero, and eagerly exclaimed,

"What luck, my lads? I have been up all night, waiting your return."

"Then you will be quite likely to sleep sound to-night," quoth master Timothy, unbending the intense rigidity of his leathern countenance. "I am of opinion if a man wants to have a real good night's rest, he's only to set up the night before, and he may calculate upon it with sartinty."

"Hold your tongue, Timothy," said Sir William, good-humoredly, "or else speak to the purpose. Have you been at the enemy's camp?"

"Right in their very bowels," said Timothy.

Sir William proceeded to question, and Sybrandt and Timothy to answer, until he drew from them all the important information of which they had possessed themselves. He then dismissed Timothy, with cordial thanks and a purse of yellow boys, which he received with much satisfaction.

"It's not of any great use to me, to be sure," said he, as he departed; "but some how or other I love to look at the critters."

"As to you, Sybrandt Westbrook, you have fulfilled the expectations I formed of you on our first acquaintance. You claim a higher reward; for you have acted from higher motives, and with at least equal courage and resolution. His majesty shall know of this; and, in the mean time, call yourself Major Westbrook, for such you are from this moment. Now go with me to the commander-in-chief, who must know what you heard and saw."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

HALLEY'S COMET OF THE YEAR 1834.

THERE are few comets which are visible to the naked eye, and on this account the one, whose return figures among the calculated memorabilia of the year 1834, is entitled to an early and special notice. Of the heavenly creations of its own class, it is of this one that it can be predicted with the greatest certainty, that it travels round the sun, and that we are accurately acquainted with the period of its revolution—facts which are the result of four several opportunities which the world has enjoyed of watching its course. Such are the considerations which justify and induce me to take a glance at its history.

So far as modern observations reach, this comet was seen, for the first time, in the year 1465, and it approached to a distance of eleven millions seven hundred thousand miles from the sun, on the eighth of June in that year. It came near the earth, and under very favorable circumstances, presenting itself with peculiar splendor and remarkable brilliancy; travelling with a tail which extended over a third portion of the firmament, and affording a spectacle of far greater beauty than it has ever exhibited since those times.

Its next appearance was in 1531; and, on the twenty-fifth day of August, it was at a distance of eleven millions six hundred thousand miles from the sun. The period of its revolution was, therefore, ascertained to be seventy-five years, two months, and seventeen days. Its appearance differed greatly from that just described. Appian, who observed it, relates that it had no tail whatever, but was what is termed a bearded comet—its whole circumference being encircled by an equal effulgence at every point; and, inasmuch as this halo had no defined edging, it appeared to be hairy or bearded. It may have had a tail, though, from the unfavorable circumstances which accompanied the comet's appearance on this occasion, it was not discernible by the naked eye.

Calculating each of its revolutions at seventy-five years, the return of this comet might have been predicted for the year 1606 or 1607; and, in fact, it did return, for the third time, in 1607. It approached nearest to the sun on the twenty-sixth of October, when it was eleven million seven hundred and fifty thousand miles distant from it. The period of its revolution had consequently been seventy-six years, two months, and one day—one twelvemonth longer than the preceding; whence, it is obvious, that its progress had been disturbed by some planet, or other strange body. It was of considerable magnitude, its head being of the size of the planet Jupiter; but its light was weak and nebulous; it had a long tail, and this was also feeble in its rays, as if overcast with

vapors. The revolution of this comet having been of seventy- or seventy-six years' duration, it followed, that its return would occur in 1682 or 1683.

This calculation was confirmed by its re-appearance in 1682, when its nearest approximation to the sun took place on the fourteenth of September, on which day it was distant from it eleven millions, six hundred and fifty thousand miles. It was new, for the first time, observed, with any degree of accuracy, by Halley, from whom it has consequently been denominated "Halley's Comet." This astronomer compared the result of his several observations with those made on the comets of the year 1607 and 1531, and found them closely to correspond with one another; from which he was led to infer that the three appearances belonged to one and the same body. On this occasion, its revolution amounted to seventy-four years, ten months, and eighteen days—giving a mean duration of seventy-five years and a half.

Halley predicted the return of the comet in the year 1759; at first, however, it seemed as if the event would not realize the prediction, as the comet was tardy in appearing; but, to the delight of every astronomer, it became visible at last, and put an end to the doubt which had hitherto existed as to the durable nature of such bodies as comets. It attained its solar elevation on the thirteenth of March, when its distance from the sun was eleven million six hundred and fifty thousand miles, and was of inferior size to what had been on its last appearance. Its tail was but lightly illuminated, and not discernible, except when the sky was clear; on which account no precise judgment could be formed of its length; the weakness of its irradiation was principally owing to its unfavorable position. Its last revolution had been seventy-six years and six months.

It may reasonably be asked, why the comet consumed a whole twelvemonth more in its revolution than was natural to it? To this it may be answered, and upon very accurate calculation, that it first displayed itself close upon the planet Jupiter, which influenced and retarded its movement. Hence it appeared at a somewhat later period than Halley had foretold.

The return of the comet in our own days ought to take place in the year 1834; but it is possible it may be so influenced by Saturn and Uranus, as not to make its appearance before 1835, or even 1836. Numberless calculations have already been formed on this event; and we must leave it to time to pronounce which of them is correct. Neither can we predetermine what will be the degree of its brilliancy or the extent and splendor of its tail; these are matters which seem to depend on circumstances beyond the sphere of our present knowledge.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Colonel Nathaniel Rochester.—The death of this venerable and much respected patriot has called forth innumerable biographies, uniting in terms of praise. He was born in Virginia, on the twenty-first of February, 1752. In August, 1775, he commenced his legislative career as a member of the provincial convention of North Carolina. From this convention his first commission as major of militia emanated; and the rapid progress of hostilities did not leave the young soldier long without an opportunity of signalizing himself. The immediate call upon his services resulted from the secret mission of the British general, Alexander McDonald, to the Highland Scotch in Cumberland county—refugees from their native land, for adherence to the disastrous fortunes of the Pretender. The schemes of this officer were executed so carefully, that before his intentions were known one thousand men had been raised and were marching to Wilmington. When intelligence of this reached Hillsborough, Colonel Thackston immediately went in pursuit to Fayetteville, (then called Cross-creek.) The enemy had left before they arrived, when Major Rochester was despatched by his commanding officer to overtake them by forced marches, before General McDonald should gain the transports, waiting at the mouth of Cape Fear river, to convey them to New-York. At day-break, after a march of twenty miles, the general and five hundred of his Scotch recruits were met on the retreat, having been turned at Moore's-creek bridge by Colonel Caswell, afterwards the first governor of the state. Major Rochester captured the whole—but from scarcity of provisions was compelled to release all but about fifty officers—binding the discharged not to serve during the war against the colonies. On his return to head-quarters, he found that Colonel Alexander Martin, of the Salisbury minute-men, had arrived with two thousand men, and to him the credit of the capture is by mistake ascribed by Chief-justice Marshal, in his Life of

Washington. His services to the village which bears his name were great and disinterested, and few have lately departed from the stage of life more deservedly lamented.

Skrzynecki and Diebitsch.—The following sketches of these distinguished military chieftains—the one copied from a letter of an English paper's Warsaw correspondent, and the other from an article in the London Athenæum—will be perused with much interest at the present time.

"General John Skrzynecki was born in Gallacia, in 1787, and studied at Leopold. When the French armies entered Poland in 1806, Skrzynecki, then nineteen, left his father's house, and enlisted in the first regiment of infantry, commanded by colonel Kassimer Malachowski, now general of division, who lately covered himself with so much glory. At the opening of the memorable campaign of 1809, in the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, under Prince Joseph Poniatowski, Skrzynecki was raised to the rank of captain in the sixteenth regiment, then formed by Prince Constantine Czaroforski. In the campaign of Moscow, in 1812, he was appointed chief of battalion; and in 1813 and 1814 he gave repeated proofs of his talent and intrepidity. It was in the hollow square of his battalion that Napoleon took shelter at Arcis-sur-Aube, when the regiments of the young guard gave way. The Polish soldiers transferred the precious deposit to the French corps, which arrived soon after, and Skrzynecki charging the enemy, under the eyes of the emperor, beat them back with considerable loss. Appointed knight of the legion of honor, and of the military order of Poland, Skrzynecki returned to his country with the remnants of the Polish troops, and obtained the command of the eighth regiment of infantry, in the second brigade of general Ignacio Blumer, the same who received eighteen balls through his body on the night of the twenty-ninth of November. Skrzynecki has distinguished himself on several occasions since the commencement of the present campaign, and his brilliant conduct in the great battles of February have raised him to the highest distinction."

"Field-marshal Count Diebitsch is a little, fat, plethoric-looking man, something less than five feet high; he has a very large head, with long black hair, small piercing eyes, and a complexion of the deepest scarlet, alike expressive of his devotion to cold punch, and of a certain irascibility of temper which has elicited from the troops, to his proud title of Kabalcanaky, or the Trans-Balkanian, the additional one of the Semavar, or the tea-kettle. I have said that Count Diebitsch owes his fortunes to his face; the sequel will show how. He is the second son of a Prussian officer, who was in the staff of Frederick. At an early age he entered the Russian army, and obtained a company in the imperial guard. It was at this time that the king of Prussia came on a visit to the Russian autocrat, and it so happened that it was Captain Diebitsch's tour of duty to mount guard on the royal visitor. The emperor foresaw the ridiculous figure the little captain would cut at the head of the tall grenadiers, and desired a friend to hint to him that it would be agreeable to his imperial majesty if he would resign the guard to a brother officer. Away goes the friend, meets the little captain, and bluntly tells him that the emperor wishes him not to mount guard with his company, for, added he, '*P'empereur dit, et il faut convenir, que vous avez l'exterieur terrible.*' This 'delicate hint,' that his exterior was too terrible to be seen at the head of troops not remarkable for good looks, so irritated the future hero of the Balkan, that with his natural warmth of temper he begged to resign, not his tour of duty only, but the commission he held in the Russian army; and being a Prussian, and not a Russian subject, desired to be allowed to return to his native country. The Emperor Alexander, who appears to have formed a just estimation of his talents, easily found means to pacify him by giving promotion in the line. He subsequently made himself so useful in that part of the service where beauty was not indispensable, that the late emperor placed him at the head of the general staff, which situation he held when the reigning emperor appointed him to succeed Count Wittgenstein in the chief command."

Musical.—The celebrated violinist, Paganini, is about to proceed to London. It is said that the most enthusiastic eagerness prevails to witness his extraordinary performances. His ardor in executing a piece is so great as to leave him at its close totally exhausted. A Paris paper mentions that Madame Malibran, "the highly-gifted but somewhat capricious cantatrice," was heard to say, that great as was his skill she lamented his inability to perform a cantabile. Upon hearing which the ambitious artist challenged her to select the most difficult song from any composer; adding, that he would wait upon her before the audience, there cut any three strings which she should designate from his instrument, and

thus perform, violin *versus* voice. We have not heard the results of this singular cartel. The same paper states that he was in the gardens of the Tuilleries in the evening, but was so pressed upon by the crowd that he was compelled to retire. Rossini was in Madrid on the thirteenth of February last. On the evening of his arrival the Italian company gave the "Barber of Seville," announcing in the bills that it was "performed in honor of the great composer's presence in the Spanish metropolis." A box had been reserved for him alone, but, in deference to the king's visit, he declined it, and took his seat in the orchestra, where he directed the opera in *propria persona*. A foreigner present adds, "no words can describe the enthusiasm with which he was received. After the performance of 'Il Barbieri' was over, and Rossini had reached his night's quarters, the two hundred performers of the Chapel Royal sallied out, and gave him a serenade."

The Union.—A correspondent of the Columbia Inquirer uses the following language—"I say, and I say it boldly, this Union cannot—ought not to last." Many, unacquainted with the high state of excitement to which the political feeling of the south has been wrought up, will deem this the rant of an intemperate enthusiast, or the blustering of some disappointed office hunter, and be, therefore, inclined to pass it over as unworthy of notice. It assumes a more serious importance, when, as is really the case, this startling cry bursts from the lips of men of talents, standing, and education; of editors, legislators, judges, and professors of repute in seminaries of learning. Should this disgraceful recklessness of the interest and glory of the nation, and of those wise principles which her greatest and best have laid down for her preservation, be long continued, an American, instead of treading proudly among the tottering institutions and feudal shadows of foreign countries, as the representative of a land where all is firm, bright, and happy, will blush to show his face abroad. We are, however, far from fearing any actual danger from the idle zeal of a few impetuous leaders of a party. The shame and disadvantage of dissolution are yet too glaringly obvious, the policy and glory of union are too clearly understood by the mass of the people to permit of their being influenced by the sophistry and irritability of this set of inflammable apostates from the cause of their country. When our population shall have increased tenfold, when there shall be an aristocracy of wealth, and a religious party in politics, perhaps the fabric of freedom reared here in the wilds of the west, may tremble from its deep foundations and crumble into ruins; but the American character, as well as American prospect, must undergo a radical change; the population must spread out and fill the vast tracts between the oceans, till they grow too immense and powerful for the bonds which now hold them together; and long before that period these zealots, who, from some paltry consideration of business profit, some tax upon woollen or iron ware, are laboring to anticipate the downfall of the republic, shall have passed away, and their very tombs be forgotten.

School-boy wit.—A gentleman, now well known to the public, when at a preparatory school, was, with his companions at dinner, ordered to consume all on their plates, fat as well as lean. It was with the greatest difficulty that he disposed of that nauseous part of his daily meal. Whenever it was practicable he would slide it into his pocket-handkerchief, and so get rid of it. One day, however, he perceived to our mutual horror that we were to be fellow-devourers of an exceedingly obese breast of mutton. Our stomach really sickened at the mere sight of it; he, poor fellow, liked it as little, but showed in his countenance a determination not to comply with the invariable cry of "eat your fat, boys, eat your fat." We looked at him with some degree of astonishment as he piled the objectionable morsels around the rim of his plate, with an apparent composure that attracted the attention of our omnivorous master. "Why don't you eat your fat, sir?" said he. "Because," replied George, "the poet says we are to eat nothing but lean." "The poet," returned our master vociferously, "what poet ever made use of such an absurd expression, sir? Come, tell me, or I will flog you for your impertinence!" "Sir," answered George, (confident of his authority,) "Hoc face says

—"*Vacue committers venis,
Nil nisi leuce dedit.*"

Good advice.—"Arrah, my jewel," said an honest fellow from the Emerald isle, the other day, to the cider, whose passage from a narrow-necked bottle he was vainly endeavoring to expedite, "arrah now, my jewel! don't come quite so fast jist, dear, and then you'll come a great deal faster." A remark although, peradventure, not founded on very deep philosophical reflection, yet capable of an application as extensive as Dr. Franklin's story of the whistle.

ISLE OF BEAUTY, FARE THEE WELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY T. H. BAYLY.

Larghetto e soave. *Dim.*

Shades of ev'-ning close not o'er us, Leave our lone - ly

bark a - while! Morn, a - las! will not re-store us Yon - der dim and dis - tant isle: Still my fan-cy can dis - co - ver Sun - ny spots where

friends may dwell; Dark - er sha - dows round us ho - ver, Isle of Beau ty, "fare thee well!"

Ritard. *Dim.* *A Tempo.*

SECOND VERSE.

'Tis the hour when happy faces
Smile around the taper's light;
Who will fill our vacant places?
Who will sing our songs to-night?
Through the mist that floats above us,
Faintly sounds the vesper bell,
Like a voice from those who love us,
Breathing, fondly, "fare thee well!"

THIRD VERSE.

When the waves are round me breaking,
As I pace the deck alone,
And my eye in vain is seeking
Some green leaf to rest upon;
What would I not give to wander
Where my old companions dwell?
Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Isle of Beauty, "fare thee well!"

LITERARY.

THE Brothers Harper are about incorporating in their Family Library the works of those dramatists who flourished in the time of Shakspeare. There can be little doubt that they will be eagerly purchased, as they are very much wanted in this country. Although containing the essence of poetry, few on this side of the Atlantic are acquainted with their merits. It is singular that they have not been re-printed here before. Indeed, while ignorant of the intention of the Harpers, we had ourselves sketched a little plan for enriching the pages of the Mirror with the choicest passages, in the form of essays upon the beauties of the old poets. A little of the solid thought and labored composition of those days might be advantageously substituted for much of the frippery now cut down into tedious metre, and eked out with forced and hacknied rhyme. These industrious publishers have also in the press a series of volumes, entitled "Library of Select Novels," a term which sufficiently explains their object. In this way the admirers of fictitious compositions will be furnished at a very moderate rate, with the spirit of the modern American and English press. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the benefits which their enterprise will confer upon a popular branch of literature, and their name is a sufficient guarantee for correctness in the typographical department. The first of the series already issued is Cyril Thornton, a novel which has successfully passed through the ordeal, and is too well known to require present comment. The next will consist of Mr. Paulding's new novel, entitled the "Dutchman's Fireside." They have also in the course of publication a series of works calculated to form a complete "Family Classical Library," in a cheap, handsome, and uniform size, and embracing correct and elegant translations of the most

esteemed authors of Greece and Rome; and it is intended to issue, in a new and concentrated form, a set of standard English authors, under the title of an "Epitome of English Literature." Among others, the early part of their series will embrace the productions of Burnet, Clarendon, Gibbon, Hume, Robertson, Bacon, Locke, Paley, Addison, Goldsmith, Johnson, Swift, &c. They will be edited by A. J. Valpy, M. A. It is to be hoped, however, that they will not be too much abridged. A new, cheap, and elegant American edition of Bourrienne's private memoirs of Napoleon, have just been issued by Carey and Lea, in two octavo volumes. Notwithstanding certain alleged inaccuracies, on points of minor consideration, the authenticity of these statements, as a whole, is almost universally conceded. A new collection of fugitive poetic pieces, by Mrs. Hemans, from the same press, is also before us. We shall notice both more at length in our next.

Carter, Hendece, and Babcock, of Boston, have published "Travels in Malta and Sicily, with Sketches of Gibraltar, in 1827." It is a formidable octavo of five hundred and twenty-eight pages.

OPINION.

It is curious to observe the striking difference of opinion which exists between the most intelligent minds. How frequently it is alleged, especially against modern historians, that their representations of the times in which they lived, and the *quorum pars magna fui* scenes of their own day, should not be received with too much credulity, as it could not be presumed that one engaged in the turmoil, actuated by the prejudices, party feelings, and innumerable selfish interests of surrounding occurrences, could distinctly and impartially

describe them. "That great work," says the last number of the North-American Review, speaking of Scott's Napoleon, "has not satisfied the demand of the world, but we presume no living writer could have given equal satisfaction; and, the truth is, that the gigantic character he describes is still too near us to be painted; we must wait till the lights and shadows are blended into their right proportions, by time and distance."

"William Tyre," says an author in the Harpers' Family Library, respecting one of the historians of the crusade, "was not born at the time of the first crusade; and, consequently, when he speaks of the events of that enterprise, we may look upon him as clear, talented, and elegant; but we must not expect to find the vivid identity of contemporaneous writing."

We should be pleased if some one of our correspondents would favor us with a treatise, touching the distance from the time when the events which he intends to describe took place, most likely to afford the historian a correct view of his subject; or the degree of intimacy which should subsist between a great man and his biographer, by which all the secret influences and peculiarities of organization and feelings might be thoroughly understood, yet without danger of extenuating or exaggerating faults, of magnifying virtues, or explaining them away, as beheld through the medium of hate or friendship.

GEORGE F. MORRIS, PROPRIETOR.

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